

Lydia. C. M.

Thos Arnold.

43

1. Father of all! Eternal God! Supremely good and great! Thy children, formed and blest by thee, Approach thy heavenly seat, Approach thy heavenly seat.

2. Thy name, in hallowed strains, be sung, We join the solemn praise; To thy great name, with heart and tongue, Our cheerful homage ^{raise} ~~pay~~ Our cheerful homage raise.

Harmonia. C. M.

Verse. Chorus. Verse. Chorus.

Come let us join our cheerful song; With angels round the throne, With angels round the throne, Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one,

Inst. Viol. 4/3

Andante,

Brattle Street, C. M.

Pleyel.

1. While thee, I seek, pro-tecting Pow'r! Be my vain wishes still'd: And may this con-se-cra-ted hour With better hopes be fill'd.

2. In each e-vent of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see! Each blessing to my soul more dear, Because con-fer-r'd by thee.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation includes various notes (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and time signatures (2/4, 3/4, 4/4). The notation is written in brown ink on aged paper. There are also some handwritten annotations below the staff, such as "3/4 5/4" and "3/4 5/4".

Verre.

Feb. 22.

Cherub.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed; Doth to my thoughts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mercy I a-done,

4 In every joy that crown my days, In every pain I bear; My heart shall find delight in praise. Or seek relief in prayer;

Maitland

C. M.

1. How did my heart rejoice to hear, My friends devoutly say, In union let us all appear, And keep the solemn day, And keep the solemn day.

2. I love her gates, I love the road, The church, adorned with grace, Stands like a palace built for God, To show his milder face, To show his milder face.

3. Up to her courts, with joy unknown, The holy tribes repair, The Son of David holds his throne, And sits in judgement there, And sits in judgement there.

Christmas. C. M.

Handel.

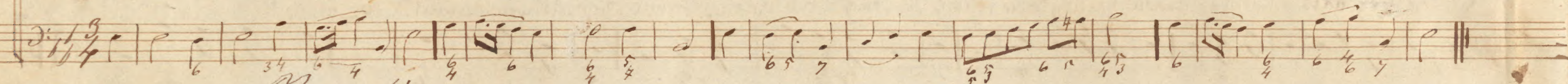
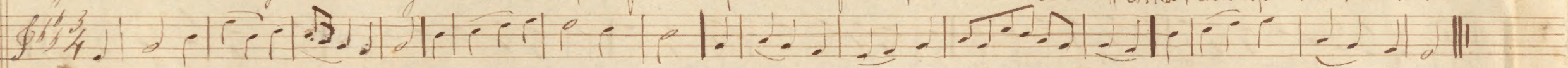
Awake my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on, A heavenly grace demands thy quest, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.

Awake my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on, A heavenly grace demands thy quest, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.

Awake my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on, A heavenly grace demands thy quest, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.



God moves in a mys-te-rious way, His wonders to per-form: He plants his foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.



Allegretto. *Brevetto*

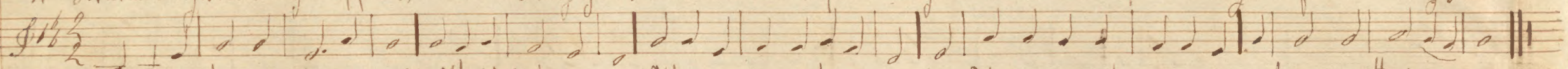
C. M.

Verse.

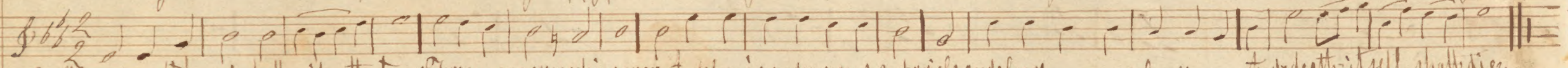
Chorus.



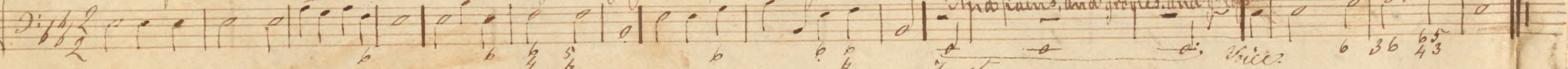
1. Lo! what a glorious sight appears, To our be-leaving eyes! The earth and seas are pos-s'd away. The earth and seas are pos-s'd away, And fled the rolling skies.



2. From highest heavens, where God resides, That holy happy place; The new jerusalem comes down, The new jerusalem comes down, Adorned with shining grace.



3. His own soft hand shall wipe the tears, From every weeping eye: And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, and fears, and death it self shall die,



Trist.

Trice.

Sunday. C. M.

Verses.

Chorus.

the place shall fill, My heart shall be thy throne; Thy holy just, Shall in my
shall fill, My heart shall be thy throne.
Thy presence, Lord; the place shall fill. My heart shall be my throne; and perfect with. Shall in my

flesh be done, Thy ho- ly just. and perfect with, Shall in, Shall in my flesh be done.
by just. and perfect with.
flesh be done, Thy ho- ly just. Thy ho- ly just. and perfect with, Shall in. Shall in my flesh be done.
Thy ho- ly just. and perfect with,

Plymouth ~~Concert~~ C. M.

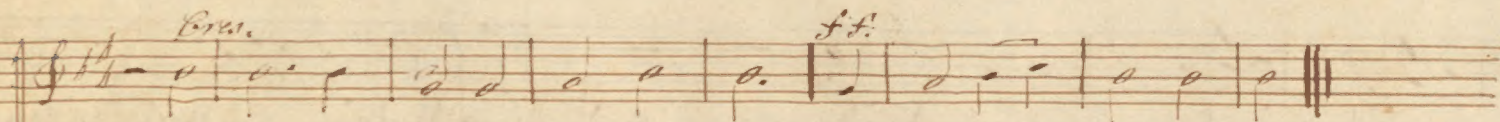
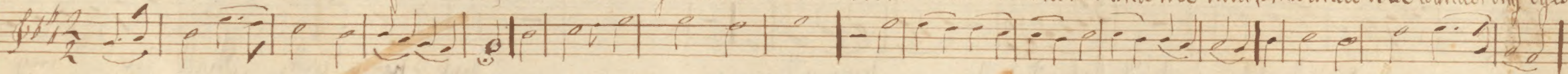
Phillips.

Verso.

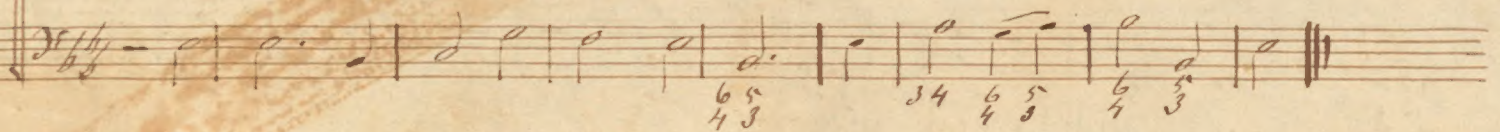
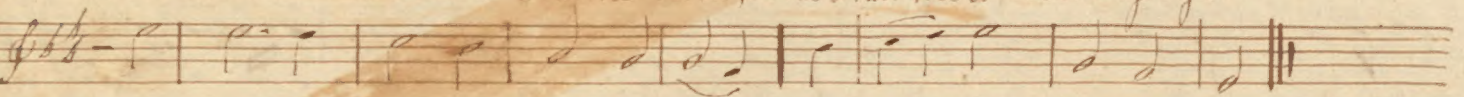
Chorus.



1. Be-hold the mountain of the Lord, In latter days, shall rise. Above the mountains and the hills, And draw the wandering eyes.



Above the mountains and the hills, And draw the wandering eyes.



2. To this, the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow:
"Up to the hills of God," they say,
"And to his house, we'll go."

3. Come, then, O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.